

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Peter enters and goes up to the bar. The bartender, GARY, turns around and his face lights up.

GARY  
Hey dude, how'd the date go?

PETER  
Give me straight vodka.

GARY  
Oh shit. Man, what happened.

Gary pours the drink and Peter looks at it for a second.

PETER  
Y'know, just... just give me the whole bottle.

Gary obliges and Peter takes a swig.

PETER  
She rejected me, *again*.

GARY  
...bitch.

PETER  
I told her I loved her, *I paid for dinner*. And y'know, it wouldn't be so bad if Miranda hadn't rejected me *last night* and Allison hadn't rejected me the *night before*.

GARY  
They're in cahoots.

PETER  
And again, not one of them paid for dinner. I mean, what's not to love about me?

He takes another giant swig of vodka.

GARY  
You listen to me, dude, it's not your fault at all. This is just the way women are these days, they don't appreciate a good guy.

Peter sighs.

PETER  
What can I do?

GARY  
Well I got one idea.

Peter looks up.

GARY  
You remember what her car looks  
like?

PETER  
Yeah...

Gary pulls a baseball bat from under the bar.

GARY  
You thinking what I'm thinking?

PETER  
I'll never get tired of this.